



Broken Strings



romance

drama

165 6 14

Chapter 1 by xXShadowStepXx 39

*Snap

Those were the sounds I kept hearing in my head. The howled and played itself back over and over like a broken record. I ran back to my apartment sobbing and screaming while everyone murmured to there friends. I got through into my room slamming my door so loud it sounded like a chainsaw noise in your ear.

I could only remember her words.

"I don't think we are right for each other." I played back in my head over and over. It never stopped it just kept on even when I tried not to it kept persisting.

Chapter 2 by Qerewe YT



The only thing I could hear clearer was the sound of my sobbing. Who would think that two years, two perfect, romantic years, of love and trust could be destroyed with just one sentence. Spoken so softly like a whisper, yet piercing my heart like a dagger.

As his mind cleared a bit, he thought of the collateral damage this break up could cause. Would his friends laugh at him for being [See more of Story Wars](#) and the rumors by now, spreading like a wildfire. What if he was the only one who could be the only loser in the team to not go? His

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Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



My tears stopped long before the door to my room opened. My family was not good at meeting my emotional needs. They probably intentionally waited for the fire in my stomach to settle before pretending to swoop in and save the day.

It was my mom, her arms wrapped around one another. Clearly, she was uncomfortable. I stared at her from my bed, neither one of us willing to talk first.

She sighed. "So, Clarissa, huh."

I laid on my back, staring at the ceiling. "You guessed?"

"Her mom called me."

Our parents were always friends, ever since we were little. I thought it was fate, once upon a time. A sign of good fortune.

But like many things in my life, I guessed wrong.

"Oh," I say, not sure what else there is to add. My mom, who obviously feels the same way, nods.

"The rest of the family is in the living room watching Wheel of Fortune, for a change. If you come out, they probably won't say anything about your...scene."

"Thanks, but I'm okay in here."

"Okay," she says, tense. She closes the door behind her, and I let out a sigh of relief.

In my clearer state of mind, I know there's a couple of things that I need to do.

Chapter 4 by Worlds



I laid down in bed and let my mind wander. It went back to the time we were at the park for our

fourth date. We were running towards the ice cream truck. She looked back at me, playfully telling me to hurry up. Her face was lit up, her eyes, bright green shining

towards me. Her blonde hair was blowing in the wind. There was only one word to describe her. Beautiful.

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Yet, it doesn't look the same as it did that day...

Maybe, because back then she was still mine.

Chapter 5 by Dally



I lie awake with the moon shining on my face.

Memories play over in my head of us:

Eating lunch in the park after our classes. Baby sitting each other's siblings, and dancing in the starlight.

I slowly fall into a nightmare of of a sleep.

I wake up tired, sore, and depressed.

I manage to mumble a melancholy good morning. I flop onto the couch and groan out of the pain of a terrible night's sleep.

My mom brings me breakfast and feeds me like a baby.

I feel sick and worthless. She takes my temperature and tells me to go back to bed. I go to the bathroom and barf. I'm not going anywhere anytime soon.

The door bell rings. and I hear muffled greetings and slow steps up the stairs. I pretend to sleep. There's a knock on my door and I hear a faint voice I know well.

My mind swims with nervousness.

She sits on the edge of my bed and strokes my hair and puts her hand against my clammy forehead. I pass out for real.

Clarissa....

I feel a new sense of dread wash over my body. My eyes flutter open and I sit up sweating even though I'm cold. I have a coughing fit. Blood mixed with mucus.

"Clarissa..." I manage to
breathe.

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I reach for her hand but her hand fades into the cold air of my room.
Only a memory. She looked so real.

My covers are spattered with blood, spit, vomit, sweat, and tears.

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